

The Old Commonwealth.

Volume XII.—Number 20.

HARRISONBURG, VA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1877.

\$2.00 a Year in Advance

A STRANGE WORLD.

By EDWARD S. SHREVE.

Upon a distant star I stood,
In vain I strove to reach
The earth was but a drop of blood,
The sun was but a speck.
I turned around, I heaved a groan,
O what did I behold?
Houses were made of precious stones,
Gates were made of gold.
"O! happiness," cried I, "is this thy home?
O joy, dost thou thus dwell?
Is this the place where furies roam?
If so, I pray you tell."
But my wonder had just begun—
A world to me unknown—
A planet greater than the sun—
A sun still greater than our own.
I saw the ocean's rugged shores,
I saw the beautiful blue sky,
Mountains ten miles high or more,
Loomed in the distance grand.
The sun had set, the stars shone bright,
As I breathed the balmy air,
And as I saw earth's feeble light,
I said, "I'm better here than there."
Then came a maiden with a face as bright
As the beaming stars above,
Her gaze was proud, her step was light,
Her lips spoke words of love.
"Lady," said I in an eloquent tone,
"Art thou some fairy queen,
Dwelling here in solitude alone,
On this bright star unseen?"
I looked—I saw—I gave a scream;
I told him all that I had seen.
Alas! alas, 'twas but a dream.
I saw her face no more.
HARRISONBURG, Feb. 1877.

DREAM-LOVE.

A MOST SINGULAR NARRATIVE.

By H. SAVILLE CLARKE.

CHAPTER I.
On the night of the fifth of September, exactly ten years ago, I had a dream which changed the current of my life. And yet, as will be seen, it was not a very striking one—indeed it might be called in a measure commonplace; but nevertheless it stamped itself upon my memory in the strangest fashion, and the face I saw in it has, from that time to this, been the one star of my life.

I saw a smooth sea of deep blue, with white cliffs in the far distance, and whiter gulls winging their way above it, a trail of smoke from a passing steamer in the sky, and boats and corgies on the beach where the fishermen plied their business. And I walked by that dreamland sea in company with a woman, whose face, seen with unusual distinctness—much plainer than any other face I had seen in a dream—filled me with unutterable longing and love, such as I had never felt before. No need, you may say, to attach much importance to this. Many have been smitten, as the phrase is, with faces seen in dreams, but they have passed away and been forgotten—fair visions through the gate of ivory which fade before the light of morning. This dream-face did not pass away. I found myself remembering its lineaments and pondering over them; and as a natural consequence I dreamed of it again and again. Days, and even weeks, would pass sometimes; but it was sure to recur to me sooner or later, and the infatuation and love for it grew upon me to such an extent that I became pale and worn, and my friends were anxious about my health. The oftener I saw it, with its sweet stolidness, soft cloud of hair, and eyes that thrilled me through and through, the more frantic I became with hopeless and consuming love. I had told no one—I was ashamed to tell any one—and while I tried to reason with myself against what was becoming a species of mania, and at times had thoroughly convinced myself of my insane folly, the dream would come again, and I was more madly in love than ever.

I have said my friends became anxious. I was an only son, and therefore considerably over-estimated by my parents, especially by my mother. My father, a wealthy contractor, was very anxious I should spend plenty of money in good society, and expected that one day I should make a marriage which would increase the glory of the family. Noticing that I was "moping," as he called it, he advised me to go abroad and amuse myself. But although very fond of the Continent, I had a strange disinclination to go there, and persisted in remaining at home. And I nursed my foolish fancy so wildly that at last I fell into a strange nervous condition, causing me to feel mentally as if I was in a clairvoyant state, making me at the same time really physically ill.

My mother noticed it, and, being in London, insisted that I should go and see a famous physician. I knew he had nothing in his pharmacopoeia that would suit my malady; but thinking I should only be sounded and looked at in the ordinary way, and receive a prescription for a harmless tonic, and also visiting to allay maternal apprehensions, I went to Dr. —. It was his own desire that I suppress his name. Now, as you may imagine, I had not the slightest intention of making a confidant of the doctor. It never entered my thoughts that I could tell any one about my dream; but I went to a man of rare psychological knowledge, and with this result:

I was ushered into the doctor's room, and, in reply to his first question as to my ailment, I said I had felt a little nervous, and so forth, but that I should not have come to him except at my mother's request. He nodded, and made a careful examination of my pulse, and then said:

"You told me everything?"
"Yes," I said, "it is just as I thought; there is nothing the matter with me."
"Don't be in such a hurry," he replied. "I said wind and limb—did you tell me everything?"

you ever hear of an organ called the brain?"

I started, and the blood rushed to my face. Was he going to tell me I was mad; and if pressed, as this sharp-faced man might press me, was I to confess to my dream-face? Dr. — soon put an end to my hesitation, for he came to the point at once. In reply to his question, I said:

"Certainly, I am conscious that I have a brain."

"And that brain may be out of order," he said.

"Of that I am not conscious," I answered.

"But you have suspected it."

"This was a fact, and I hesitated to answer."

He continued:

"Mr. Frewen, you are a dreamer of dreams."

It had come at last. I gasped and half rose from my chair—things which of course he noted.

"Really?" I said.

"Stop," he returned. "I know I am right; but unless you are going to tell me everything, don't speak at all. You will be wasting my time and your own, and mine is valuable."

While he was speaking I had taken my resolution. I remembered that the confidences of the consulting room are sacred to those of the professional, and I told him all. He listened with the air of a man who had heard the story before, and then he asked me whether I was capable, if I tried honestly, of banishing the face from my waking thoughts. I replied that I thought I could, and then he said:

"Go away for a month, and then come and tell me how you are."

I left him and made the effort, and though I succeeded in banishing all memory of my love, her face came to me every night.

I returned, and duly reported myself to the doctor. Before doing this, however, I must note that I had confided my trouble to my mother; and she, having put my father in possession of some of the facts of my case, he was at once indignant and contemptuous, and I believe he thought I was really going mad.

Imagine, then, the consternation produced by the advice Dr. — gave when I went to him a second time. He listened to my report of myself, and then said:

"The dream of this woman's face is driving you mad. Go and find her. Find her! What did the doctor mean? In all the thoughts of the face of my dreams I had never pictured it as by any remote possibility existing. The idea seemed to take possession of me like new life. Was it possible, or was the doctor only suggesting it as a means of amusing a poor crazy fellow by humoring his delusion? But at any rate I would go. I had made up my mind to that, though it was not so easy to say so."

"You are in earnest?" I said to the doctor.

"I am. I never joke on such subjects."

"Where shall I go?"

"Nay, I cannot tell you that. Try and realize the locality indicated in your dream."

"Shall I find her?" I said.

He hesitated for the first time.

"There is a theory," he said—"mind I do not commit myself by saying my theory—that people whose spirits have met in this world rarely go through the whole of life without being near each other in the flesh, though it is possible that one or both may be unconscious."

"I shall go," I said.

"Yes, of course you will," and Dr. — shook hands with me and bowed me out.

I pass over the despair of my mother and the rage and indignation of my father, who abused the doctor roundly for sending me on a madman's errand, as he called it. His position was perfectly justifiable. I could put myself in his place and thoroughly understand what a practical, prosaic man of business would think of my errand. But then he had never seen her.

CHAPTER II.

While my proposed plan was in the highest degree distasteful to my family, and the commencement of my search was by no means satisfactory to myself. It is all very well to make up your mind to find out a woman you have seen only in dreams; while many of my readers may think that such a case demanded a strait waistcoat; but it is not so easy to know how to make a start. The world was all before me, but where was I to go?

I returned naturally to the doctor's parting words. He had not laughed at me; he had humored me, whether with any belief in the dream or merely to give me something to occupy my mind, I could hardly tell; at any rate his words had impressed me. He had said, "Try and realize the locality indicated in your dream." Even this was not easy. But at any rate it was some place by the sea. So I need not trouble myself about inland towns and villages. It had a look too, I thought, of a foreign watering place; so I decided to make for the Continent, and then wander slowly through the principal places on the French seaboard.

I dreamed of the face of which I was in search the night before I left England; and I don't know whether I was feeling rather out of spirits myself, but it was undeniable that, as far as I could judge, it looked somewhat sadly and reproachfully at me. But I had become so familiar with the face, that I was afraid to trust myself to draw conclusions, and I dismissed the idea from my memory, and crossed the Channel.

I had not been more than a few days in France when I became conscious of a curious change. I had been to one little village on the coast, and was go-

ing on to another, when I remembered that during the whole time I had not had one dream, that is to say, not one in which I saw her face. It was strange; for although the visitations were by no means continuous, still an unusually long time had passed—that too just when I was thinking much of her than ever, and scanning each face I met with painful curiosity. The fact, therefore, made me rather uneasy, and I was eager for the night to come to see how I should fare. Again there was no special dream, though my thoughts were so full of her that I don't know how I could have avoided a dream filled with her presence under ordinary circumstances. I am aware that some people hold that you do not dream of what you have thought much of during the day, but rather of things brought incidentally under your notice; but such has never been my experience. I can almost pass from waking to sleeping and carry on the same train of thought, though of course it is most fantastically changed in my dream.

Night after night passed, and still she never came. Full as my waking thoughts were of her, she seemed to have withdrawn herself from me; and uneasy as I had been at the first recurrent appearance, I now became still more so when they ceased to exist. Was there ever any one so unreasonable? I argued with myself; I had long wanted to cure myself of what most people would call a pure delusion; and yet now, when I found it disappearing, I was angry and annoyed at it. But still I would continue my search at intervals, and I settled to stay four months in France at any rate before I returned home and announced my cure.

"My cure"—yes, that was what they would call it, when in truth I was far more worn and miserable now than at any time previously. I believe indeed that at this period I was in danger of acute mental derangement, for I caught myself wondering what there was on the other side of this life, the men should be loath to leave it. The blue sea seemed tempting, and I often thought that if this mad passion for a shadow was to mar my life, it would be better to sleep in one of the little church-yards on the coast where the voice of the everlasting sea would sing my requiem.

The whole of the time I was in France I was miserable, and in no single dream, though as usual I had many, did my familiar visitant appear. My search grew listless, and I felt myself becoming infinitely worse as regards my nervous system than I was before I left England. From what I have learned of it since, I am convinced I was settling down into confirmed melancholy, and I cannot think of that period even now without a shudder at the recollection.

At last, finding myself at Dieppe, I suddenly determined to return home, and took the steamer which was just starting for New Haven, lest my will to go should change. Never before within my remembrance had I been so glad to return to England. Never did the white cliffs look fairer to me, and the rolling down of Sussex seemed like old friends. Immediately on arriving I went up to London, and on reaching the station I drove straight off to Dr. —.

He was at home and received me with cordiality.

"Well, doctor," I said, "I have come to report myself cured."

"Cured?" he answered, looking at me scrutinizingly. "You don't look like it. Of what are you cured?"

"I have had no dreams; that is to say, none of that particular dream since I left England."

"Ah, none in France at all," he said.

"Exactly."

"Any since you returned?"

"I only arrived to-day, and have not yet slept in England."

"Just so," he said, nodding thoughtfully; and then he abruptly asked some questions regarding my general health, wrote me a prescription, and seeing that he was determined to say no more I left him.

As I drove away to a hotel, for my people were out of town, I thought of my answer to the doctor's question, viz: that I had not slept in England since I returned, and the way in which he had received it. Was it possible that here in England the vision would return? I thought this matter over carefully, as far as one can think, and concluded which is purely surmise; and having settled in my own mind that being at home would make no difference, I dined with a friend at his club, and spent a pleasant evening than I had known for some months past.

Night came; and before I went to rest I thought as I always did of my dream-visitant, but with the hopeless feeling I had lately had in France, and not expecting any change. Indeed I had well nigh made up my mind that she had departed forever, and I went to sleep with a sigh at the remembrance.

The reader will have anticipated what happened. That night, the very first I had spent in England, she came to me again; and owing, I suppose, to the rarity of the vision, she seemed to have gained new loveliness during the time she had ceased to bless my sleep. Never, I fancied, not even when she first appeared to me, had her face come with greater distinctness; and I woke in the morning with a more vivid memory of it than ever. Had I possessed the artistic faculty, I believe that on the morning after that dream I could have painted her so as to be readily recognizable by any one who knew her if she had any real existence. It is impossible to tell the length of dreams, for so much seems to happen in them in a very short space of time; but as far as I could judge, the dream on this occasion lasted an unusual length of

time, and in fact seemed hardly ever to leave me during the night.

My first feeling in the morning was one of delight. I had yearned for her coming, and now she had visited me again, and yet, such is the inconsistency of human nature, I felt at the same time alarmed and startled at her reappearance. It seemed so strange that all the time I had been in France I had no vision of her, and now, the moment I set foot in England again, she reappeared. I had no difficulty in deciding what I should do. I would commence the search again, this time in England. The omen was too plain I thought to be disregarded; but before I go away I must wait in town to see my father and mother, who were expected, as I learned, in two days' time.

I had the same dream next night. On the day after my father arrived; and I told him as vaguely as I could do, consistently with truth, what had occurred, and what I proposed for myself. My father looked very grave, and (it was at a desert) played with his wine glass, seemingly in a great state of bewilderment. At last he said:

"You know my opinion of all this business, Frank, when you left home, it is not changed. But it is much stronger, seeing that I have found a lady who would be a capital match for you, and whom I am most anxious you should marry. If I am any judge, and I was not a bad one when I married your mother, the lady I propose is beautiful."

"Stop, father," I cried. "I implore you not to continue the subject now; give me a little more time, and I will do anything you wish."

My father caught at the suggestion of a certain length of time and the chance of my capitulation, and said:

"So be it; go away, say for a year, or more, and then if you have not found this shadowy creature, you shall come back and marry the girl I have chosen."

"Very well," I said anxiously, to close the conversation, "I agree. I shall go away to-night, and come back here in two weeks' time."

"Off with you," said my father; "I don't want to keep you; and discussing this subject has quite spoiled my claret. Pass the olives, and ring the bell for another bottle as you go out; and good bye to you."

With this characteristic benediction I departed, and once more went forth on my travels to find the lady of my dreams.

Before starting, however, I called upon Dr. — and told him how the dream had come back, and that I was once more going in search of my shadow. He listened as quietly as before, manifested his astonishment at the recurrence of my dream, and said:

"I am afraid I have incurred a grave responsibility in sending you away, Mr. Frewen; but since you have been guided by me in this matter, may I ask you to take my advice once more?"

"Certainly," I replied; "but you are not going to stop me?"

"No, I am not going to stop you; but I want you, now that you are starting again, not to wander alone more than you can help. Procure this search by all means, but see as much society as you can; and I must add my entire concurrence with your father's proposal. On your return, marry if possible; it is the only thing that will cure you."

"May I ask you again, as I did before, Doctor, what do you think are my chances of success? What does all this mean?"

"This is easier to ask than to answer. One reading of it would be as follows: You are exercising involuntarily a strong influence over some person unknown to you. What has been called odd force may in rare cases act in this way. Whether the person you influence has any definite knowledge of the impress on your mind, it is impossible to say. She may or she may not. This explanation, you observe, postulates her existence in real life. If, on the other hand, she exists only in your dreams, then it is very likely that she is merely a dream, recurring in this way because your mind during your waking hours dwells upon it with such persistence."

"But I never dreamed of her in France, and yet she was hardly out of my thoughts."

"Can tell you no more. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio—'You can finish the quotation yourself.'"

So once more I started on my search, and now instead of having the light of her face withdrawn, it was with me day and night. Most distinct in dreams, but still never with me to cheer me and to uphold me during my wanderings.

And yet even with that solace it was weary work, and it was with a heart very full of loneliness that I observed the doctor's instructions, and went out into such society as I could command in places where I was very often an entire stranger. Every female figure in the faintest degree attractive raised my hopes only to disappoint me, and I journeyed from place to place till I realized the truth of the lines:

"Day and night my thoughts redoubled,
Never nearer to the goal;
Night and day I feel the terrors
Of the wanderer in my soul."

I also, as was to be expected, became more and more uneasy as the months went by and the time drew near when, in fulfillment of my promise to my father, I must go home, and instead of indulging in a mad chase after a heroine of dreamland, I must settle down with the wife he had chosen for me, if indeed the lady would have me. The thought maddened me when I reflected upon what the doctor had said. If haply I was influencing the darling of

my dreams, and she too might be conscious of it, how could I prove a traitor to my unknown love?

There was nothing to do, however, but to wander on, and I did so in vain, until within a month of the time when I should have to go back to my father and declare my willingness to obey him.

I was staying at the time for a day or two at a little sea-side town called Rockford, and there, meeting a couple of bachelor friends, I consented to go to a ball, which the visitors had arranged, and of which they were stewards. The idea was distasteful to me; but I had promised the doctor, and I should see new faces, so I went to the festivity. Some country people were coming, and I stood leaning listlessly out of an open window watching the arrivals. The moonlight shone across the sea, and beneath me the carriages rolled up to the door, and gay parties alighted at the portico of the hotel where the ball was given.

Suddenly I saw there was some commotion below, and the crowd at the door closed round a carriage which then drove rapidly away, a gentleman apparently mounting the box near the coachman, while the servant, who had occupied the place, hurried off in an opposite direction. Somebody had been taken ill, I supposed, and so it appeared; for when one of my friends came up, he said: "Extraordinary thing, Frewen; a carriage drives up, the father, it seems, gets out and hands out the ladies—mother first and then the daughter. The moment the young lady steps out she looks up, then she starts back, and falls in a dead faint on the carriage steps. She looked as if she had seen a ghost, they say. I wonder what was up? Egad, old fellow, she must have caught sight of your woe-begone face, and turned faint at the idea of dancing with such a scarecrow."

I listened idly, and said: "No, I don't think she saw me," forgetting, he observed, that the moonlight shone full on my face, and that the glare of the gaslight streamed out of the room. I attached no importance to the incident, though the reader will possibly wonder at it. I felt nothing unusual, only perhaps a little sadder and more uneasy; and the face of my dream-looked sad, too, when she came in my sleep, and paler, I thought, than it was wont to look as of old.

But no revelation came to me; and a month afterward, when I returned to London, it would have required an effort of memory to recall the fact that at the Rockford ball a young lady arriving, started as if she had seen a ghost, and had fallen fainting in her father's arms. Had I then given up the search when the prize was so near? Had she seen me in her dreams and recognized me, while no indication of her presence was vouchsafed me?

The reader must form his own conclusions. My mad errand was over. I returned to town to do my father's bidding in any matrimonial speculation he might suggest, and to forget, as I best might, that I ever had a love in dreamland.

CHAPTER III.

My father made no attempt to conceal his satisfaction at my return to him, and as he was good enough to say, to my senses. Having relieved his feelings by that remark, he made no further reference to my dream, and the chase they had led me. I was treated, indeed, like a returned prodigal, who, after many wanderings, had come back and received forgiveness. Concerning the young lady it was proposed I should marry, neither my father nor mother would tell me anything, but preserved a playful silence, my father assuring me I was so confidently romantic that unless she burst upon me all at once, he knew I should never take a fancy to her. I was told, however, that she came of a good family, was young, beautiful, and an heiress, so painfully eligible in all respects that I wonder that I did not hate the idea.

It was curious that now, when I considered my doom was fixed, I was by no means so miserable as I had anticipated. I was still dreaming of the one face of my life, and yet I could, it seemed, contemplate a marriage with another woman, not exactly with equanimity, but still without the shudder with which I had thought of it before.

I could not explain the feeling to myself, and yet was foolish enough to be annoyed at it. Now I can understand it; but I had no key to it then.

It appeared that Miss Carnstone—for that was the name of the bride elect, should she smile on me—had been recently confided to the care of my father and another Trustee on the death of Mr. Carnstone, who had desired the marriage as much as my father, but who also said that Alice declared she would never marry, and he believed she would keep her word.

I had been at home for about a fortnight when my father announced his intention of paying a visit to the young lady, and proposed that I should accompany him and see what impression I could make. I had become very apathetic on the subject, and consented, not even asking until we were seated in the railway carriage, whereabouts Carnstone Dene was situated.

"It was near the sea," said my father, "standing back about a mile from the shore on the quietest part of the Sussex coast, overlooking a tiny fishing village." The views from the house were magnificent, and I should be pleased with its surroundings, "I could suggest a few alterations, Frank," he continued, for my father had a mania for landscape gardening; "but there will be time enough for them afterward."

"A place on the coast!" I thought "and unvisited." It had been, I suppose, too insignificant, or I had missed

it because the railway only extended to within eight miles of it. The information brought up a crowd of memories of my wanderings, and as may be imagined her face came with them with maddening distinctness.

We arrived at the nearest town to Carnstone in the evening. It boasted a fairly good hotel, and my father, having a twinge of the gout, determined to rest there for the night and take a carriage to the Dene in the morning. Next day was a beautiful one, and though my father remonstrated at it as being very undignified, I determined to start early and walk over to Carnstone, leaving him to follow in the carriage.

After passing round the base of some undulating downs, and then through some prettily-wooded fields, I came to the shore, and, in obedience to the directions I had received, proceeded along it to Carnstone. Arriving there, I was struck with the beauty of the tiny fishing village, for it was nothing more, and, at the same time, it seemed, in its main features, strangely familiar to me. I had certainly never been there before, and yet the distant cliffs, the contour of the shore—it flashed across my mind at once—it was the sea-side of my dream!

The discovery had such an effect upon me that I trembled violently, and had to sit down on the beach to compose myself. The next sensation was delight, and then came a cold chill. What if the locality of my dream had its central figure—what if I was discovered to her while I was hastening to offer love to another? I had not to remain long in suspense. I walked along with temples throbbing, and the beat of my heart, as it were, audible to me;—and I had not gone many paces when, passing the bow of a boat on the beach, I came upon her!

The picture was complete. The vision was realized. There she sat by the sea—the lady of my dreams! I stood rooted to the spot, gazing at her, in utter forgetfulness of what she must have thought of such a proceeding, and almost on the instant she looked up from the book she was reading, and our eyes met.

I saw at once with an undefinable thrill that she recognized me!

One wild, scared look, and then, as if possessed by a sudden fear, she turned hastily away, while I stood stupefied, and when I came to my senses she was out of sight.

There was no question of going on to Carnstone Dene now. I turned and went straight back to the hotel, then dispatched an earnest message to my father to return there and see me, as something had happened of the utmost importance.

He came back in the afternoon in one of the Carnstone carriages, and I found him in a great rage—not with me, for he had not heard my story, but with the young lady herself. He was nearly beside himself when I related what had happened to me, and my firm determination to make away with myself rather than marry Miss Carnstone, or any other woman than the lady of my dreams, now that I found out she existed.

"By Jove!" he cried, in a high state of excitement, "have you all gone mad together? I have been talking to Miss Carnstone, and ventured to hint at certain hopes I entertained, when my lady flies out at me, and exclaims that she never means to marry at all, and begs I won't distress her by mentioning such a thing."

"Sensible girl," I said; "you can't expect me to press my suit after that."

"It is as well to expect nothing but downright lunacy from you," said my father, still very irate; "but come, we must go back to Carnstone Dene. You and she may be mad as a couple of March hares, but, at any rate, let us behave like civilized beings, and stay there for a day or two, as was our original intention."

So we drove over to Carnstone Dene. I was silent during the drive, and my father was evidently too angry to talk to me. In due time we arrived at a fine Elizabethan house, and immediately went up stairs to dress for dinner. I found my way after dressing to the drawing-room by myself, and when I went in there was a lady standing near one of the windows, evidently Miss Carnstone.

A electric shock ran through me from head to foot. And then—I do not know to this day, nor does my wife, who moved first—we drew near each other, and Alice Carnstone, my predestined bride, the lady of my dreams, was strained to my heart.

The footman who announced dinner ushered in my father, and the old gentleman will not forget to his dying day the shock he experienced when he saw the situation. It was, however, a pleasant solution of all his difficulties, and it was nothing to him that we loved in dreams.

Alice Carnstone is now my wife. The story of how she felt the impress of my soul is mine alone. Suffice it to say that she had known me much after the same fashion as I had known her, and that it was she who had recognized me at the Rockford Ball. Her absence from my dreams during my visit to France we could never explain, for, as the doctor says, the laws governing such impressions are not yet formulated. I need only add that she came to smile upon me in dreams in now the crowning blessing of my life.

In all Buddhist temples a tall and broad-leaved lily stands directly on the front of the altar. Its idea is as beautiful as its workmanship. It represents that just as the pure white flower may grow out of the mire and filth, and blossom into loveliness, so may the heart of man raise itself above the wickedness and corruption of the world unto a state of spotless purity.

From Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 10, 1877.

CREMATION—THE NEW SOCIETY FOR CHAMBER INTERMENTS—REPLY TO C. E. F.

FRIEND COMMONWEALTH!—Your correspondent, C. E. F., has written a learned article in reference to cremation, and I feel compelled by a regard for the exact truth, to reply to him; and if C. E. F. is utterly demolished by the ponderous and crushing facts with which I shall prostrate all his cob-web theory, he has only himself to blame. I infer from the language of C. E. F.'s article that he is a Christian, and a gentleman; and he will remember that the crushing force of my statements is heaved at the views of the man, not the man himself.

Without more delay, I plunge into the fray and demolish C. E. F.

CREMATION IN AN ECONOMIC SENSE.

As an illustration: In this city we had 20,000 burials last year, and in Pennsylvania (say) 100,000. Now, it is a fact that each burial costs (when we include expense of grave yards, monuments, undertakers, etc.) \$100.00. This amounts to the nice little sum of ten millions of dollars—all taken from the wealth of the State in compliance with a silly custom. And it comes, too, from the money counters, out amid the tears of the widow and orphan, whose means have been exhausted by bills for physicians, medicines, etc.

I do not follow the details of all the State losses in value by the old system of interments. I do not include the time lost by those who go from their legitimate business of making shoes, brick, etc., in compliance to a costly system.

CREMATION IN A RELIGIOUS AND MORAL SENSE.

C. E. F. argues that cremation is non-scriptural. Let me approach this part of the subject with reverence. Let me ask C. E. F. if the words "fire" and "burning" do not gleam from every page of the Scripture? Are we not told that the wicked shall be cast into the fire? That the smoke of their torment shall ascend forever? And are we not compelled to believe that nineteenth of the world will go into the fire that is never quenched? Is not this an evidence that we should burn the bodies of the wicked? To be sure!

CREMATION IN A SANITARIAN SENSE.

What can be more offensive to health than the gases arising from thousands of acres of decomposing bodies? In this city grave yards are spotted around in every corner, offensive to the eye and good taste. A few days ago I saw an old woman pouring a tub full of soot aside through the fence into a lot. There was a burial lot beside the fence, and when I questioned her, she said: "The dirty water is going down into somebody's box!" Horrible! In London the bodies are piled ten deep, one upon another! Is there any Christianity in this?

CREMATION IN A POETIC AND AESTHETIC SENSE.

Chemistry teaches that human bodies are composed of a few elements—hydrogen, carbon, aluminum and silica, and a little—just a pinch or two of calcium—and that these elements depart from the

OLD COMMONWEALTH.

HARRISONBURG, VA.

C. H. VANDERFORD, Editor.

THURSDAY MORNING, FEB. 22, 1877.

JUSTICE LAYS DOWN ITS SCEPTRE—INFAMY PUTS ON ITS CROWN.

The historian of the future when writing America's pages will date the decline of the Republic from Friday, February the 18th, A. D. 1876, for it was on that day the last crowning act of infamy was perpetrated in the Union's Capitol. The Republic had lived a century, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its diamond wedding of thirteen States, and called together all the offspring of its sacred union to sound peans of joy and praise for the manifold blessings of its ripening years. Joy has been turned to sorrow! The requiem has been pronounced, and Liberty's despoilers wear her mud bedaubed ermine. These are historical times! We lay no claim to prophecy, but we believe that henceforth the nation will be not for the people or of the people, but made a prey to the vultures who have for nearly a decade hovered over their victim. We do not believe that relief will come in the next four years, sooner or later, but like the towering stalwart oak in the relentless grip of the poisonous vine Washington's Republic will be strangled and brought to the dust. The will of the people has been spurned and laughed to scorn. Vox Populi vox Dei has no responsive sentiment in the minds of the piratical crew. Tyranny, plunder and spoils are the watchwords of the rulers to-day and hereafter. Democracy fought the good fight for honest government, and the magna charta of every citizen. Democracy won a great victory, so sure as we believe the existence of a Divinity. But villainy knows no impediment, treachery knows no honor, usurpation no law.

The so-called Electoral Commission was a pitfall. Morton's opposition was hypocritical—a sham battle. The Democratic leaders, unwilling to believe in absolute depravity of grave and revered Senators and Chief Justices, (the former representing large constituency, the latter supposed to be Daniels come to judgment,) and desirous of having a full, fair and open investigation of the vote in disputed States, abdicated their powers to the commission, so that their candidate, who received a quarter of a million, and exclusive of negroes one million majority on the popular vote, might occupy the place of Washington and Jefferson without aspersion, stain or blemish even in the minds of the most prejudiced. What was the action of the Commission? Simply to do exactly what Morton had claimed for Ferry, the President of the Senate, and what was sought by respectable Republicans and the House of Representatives, count the votes as sent in by the Returning Boards. No investigation, no question of legality of the Boards or eligibility of Electors under the constitution was allowed to be raised. What would have been the difference so far as this decision is concerned if Louisiana had given 100,000 Democratic majority, or Florida 50,000, or if all instead of half of the Radical Electors were penitentiary convicts? The Returning Boards, composed of the vilest villains that ever desecrated a country, would be held as sacred by this Grand Returning Board of eight, and their returns accepted as final and inviolable.

It is an insult to common intelligence to say that this jury was not packed, crammed and labelled. Bradley voted to admit the question of the eligibility of a Florida elector whom he knew to have been legally eligible, but he voted against the investigation as to the eligibility of a Louisiana elector, whom he knew to be disqualified. The show of virtue—just once—was made when he knew it could not injure his party; but when his party's interests were at stake, he voted according to directions.

Democrats may as well accept the situation. They have been victimized by conspirators' cunning. Let Mr. Hayes be the puppet of his managers. A man who will go to the White House by means of the foulest treachery, fraud and corruption is not to be looked for anything redeeming, or above the level of the men who put him there.

"Their country's curse, their children's shame—Onscars of virtue, peace and fame."

Which is worse, fraud or force? Diaz is at the head of the Mexican government by force of arms. He is a military usurper who has not the shadow of a title to the position he now occupies. If Hayes should be inducted into the Presidency of this country, it will only be accomplished by the grossest fraud ever perpetrated upon a free ballot, and his title to the office will not be more whit better than that of Diaz in Mexico. One seizes his position by force, the other by fraud.

Senator Eaton, of Connecticut, is the only Democrat in the Senate who feels comfortable on the decision of the Electoral Tribunal. He voted against its formation. He knew the bill was unconstitutional and that eight beat seven.

CARPENTER AND PURMAN.

Two notable speeches were made in Washington last week—one by ex-Senator Carpenter before the Electoral Tribunal, and the other by Representative Purman, of Florida, in Congress. The former has been a consistent reviler of Southern people and Southern institutions, and a bitter opponent of Democracy. Recently he has pretended to rise to the dignity of a broad and liberal statesman and to be more patriotic than partisan. For this he was chosen as one of the Democratic counsel in the contested election cases, and advocated the cause of Tilden in the Louisiana controversy. In opening his speech he said:

I desire to say, in the first place, that I do not appear for Samuel J. Tilden. He is a gentleman whose acquaintance I have not the honor of, with whom I have no sympathy, against whom I voted on the 7th of November last, and if this tribunal could order a new trial I should vote against him again, believing, as I do, that the accession of the Democratic party to power in this country to-day would be the greatest calamity which could befall the people except one, and that one great calamity would be to keep him out by fraud and falsehood. I appear here for 10,000 legal voters of the State of Louisiana, who, without accusation or proof, indictment or trial, notice or hearing, have been disenfranchised by four villainous incorruptible in perpetual succession, whose official title is the Returning Board of Louisiana.

Mr. Carpenter—the notorious Mat—then made a powerful and convincing argument against counting the vote of that State for Hayes, but we take it his remarks had but little effect. The rival of Morton in hatred to the South and denunciation of Northern Democrats cannot have much influence in their behalf, when he dons the cloak of virtue so suddenly. He believes that the accession of the Democratic party to power would be the greatest calamity that could befall the country, yet he stands before the Tribunal advocating the success of such a calamity. No one who has been such a narrow minded partisan as Carpenter, so consistent an opponent to Democracy and advocate of Radical excesses and oppression can impress the people that he has so instantaneously become the patriot he professes to be in the preliminary remarks quoted above.

Representative Purman, a Florida carpet bagger who has uniformly voted with the Republicans, cast a bomb-shell in the Republican ranks the same day Carpenter held himself up as a model patriot. He declared that Florida had been carried by Tilden and that the Democrats had been cheated out of its national victory, and related the proceedings of the Returning Board as observed by himself. This speech, it is said, Purman has had prepared for some time, and only waited an opportunity for its delivery. It is a saying as true as trite that "there is no use crying over spilled milk," yet that is what Purman did. He sat in his seat, watched the Radicals make up their programme—and assisted, no doubt—and then after success crowns their efforts and his State is counted for a man who did not carry it, he raised his voice in protest. Had he made his revelations before the decision of the Tribunal, or before its formation, they might have had some influence in the interest of justice. Its only effect now can be a little moral support to those who have been defeated by fraud and chicanery. Moral support, however, avails but little when we see the laws trampled under foot, the constitution ignored, and the country going to ruin.

There was a report last week that an attempt had been made, to assassinate Packard, the bogus governor of Louisiana. There was a mystery about the matter, and more recent events would indicate that the whole story was gotten up to induce the President to recognize him as the lawful governor and to sustain him by the military. The report of the attempt to "take the life of Packard" was that some one entered his office, as a press representative, and after sitting by his side a few minutes attracted his attention by some remark, Packard turned around and found a pistol pointed at his head. He struck the pistol, which was discharged by the blow, the ball entering, or rather grazing, the knee. A general melee ensued. Packard and his friends knocking down and shooting the would-be assassin. Gov. Nichols and his officers investigated the matter as far as they could—Packard denying their admission to his headquarters—but could not learn any of the particulars. It is said the assassin was a Northern man, and had been in the city but twenty-four hours when the deed was committed. If there was any truth in the matter at all, it was very probably a job put up to gain the recognition of the Administration. We do not countenance assassination under any circumstances, but if it were attempted in this case, we regret that the individual was not a better marksman. This is no country for usurpers or tyrants. Packard is not prepared for the other world, yet there is no hope for his repentance, and the longer he lives the blacker will be his record.

Radicals count both ways when it suits their purposes. The Electoral Tribunal decided that eight beat seven and the Returning Board sometimes made 5 beat 8. The Tribunal decided that the Returning Board court was correct, and by that decision counted themselves out of all claims to honesty and impartiality.

PARTIZANSHIP OF THE SUPREME COURT JUDGES.

Whatever may be the result of the great cause now pending before the Electoral Commission, one thing is positively certain, that the high regard and veneration which the people have been accustomed to have for the Supreme Court, is in a great measure destroyed. The very fact that all decisions that have been made have been by a strictly partisan vote, according to the political predilections and prejudices of the members of the tribunal—of the judges as well as of the congressmen—rather than on convictions established by evidence, or on a sense of law and justice, will have a great effect in lowering the Supreme Court justices in the estimation of the people; for let them decide as they may—in favor of Tilden or Hayes—the defeated side is sure now to be dissatisfied, and the grand end sought to be established—reconciliation between the contending parties—will fail of accomplishment. Could the advocates of the measure have foreseen that the Supreme Court judges would have allowed their party feelings and preferences to outweigh their sense of right, and, that in deciding the great questions that were to come before them, they would act as Democrats and Republicans rather than as judges, it is not probable that either side would ever have agreed to the establishment of the tribunal, unless it could have been guaranteed the "odd man." But the gentlemen who composed that commission—with one exception—many, if not all, of whom had practiced their profession before the Supreme Court, were not prepared to believe that the members of that august body could be induced, under any circumstances, to descend from their "high estate" to the level of mere partisans, and, by a "party vote," refuse to do the very thing for which the tribunal was created—hear the cause of the contending parties and try it on its merits; but instead, refuse all evidence and decide all questions exactly as any other party politicians could and would have done. Far better would it have been to have allowed the election to be decided by the vote of the President of the Senate, than that the confidence of the nation in the Supreme Court should have been destroyed. It has hitherto been the boasted superiority of the American over the Mexican and French system of republicanism that under the former all disputed questions were settled by a reference to the courts, whose decision was revered and acquiesced in as a settlement of the disputed matter, while in the latter named countries no confidence is placed in the courts and no respect had for their decisions. Hence, all great political disputes are settled by an appeal to arms. It was to prevent a like occurrence in this country, and to secure a peaceful settlement of the disputed election that this Board of Arbitration was formed. It was expected by the people that a clear, unequivocal exposure of the whole matter would be made, and that the whole truth in regard to the election in the disputed Southern States would be brought to light, and the controversy settled on the ground of justice and right, based on a knowledge of the facts obtained by the production of every evidence that could be obtained, so that whichever side was successful the other could and would see the justice of the decision, and yield a willing acquiescence. The action of the Board has totally obliterated this hope, and its manifest partizanship has greatly damaged the Supreme Court in the opinion of the people; so that in reality more harm than good has been done by the appointment of the commission.

Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, offered a resolution, which passed the Senate on the 12th of December, calling upon Attorney General Taft for the number of U. S. Marshals employed at the elections on the 7th of November last. The answer of the Attorney General was read in the Senate recently, showing that there was a grand aggregate of 11,615 in the States of Alabama, Arkansas, California, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia. And this grand army of deputies was employed in addition to the Army of the United States, which was distributed mainly in the States of South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida, to oversee the Democratic party, at the instance of mercenary partisans, but ostensibly to preserve the peace.

When the electoral bill was first brought forward the COMMONWEALTH stated that there were many objections to it, but as it had passed we bowed to the decision of the Senators and Representatives, hoping that the good would result which its advocates claimed would follow its adoption. We felt sure that the measure was unconstitutional, and that by adopting it the Democrats gave up a certainty for an uncertainty.

Two tin boxes, containing over \$100,000 in bonds, mortgage, etc. have mysteriously disappeared from the safe of King Brothers, bankers, New York.

PROGRESS OF THE COURT.

At this writing the counting in of Hayes seems to be a foregone conclusion. Louisiana, despite the most glaring frauds and irregularities, has been given to the Republicans by the Electoral Tribunal, and the decisions made in the cases of Florida and Louisiana have virtually decided the contest in Oregon, which will also be counted for Hayes. The House has protested against the proceedings of the Tribunal, and the Senate has as strenuously upheld them.

Several other States, about which there was no controversy, were counted on Tuesday. When Michigan was called the Democrats objected to the counting of her vote on account of the ineligibility of one elector, but both Houses refused to sustain the objections.

The Virginia Senate on Saturday passed a joint resolution by a vote of twenty-three to fourteen to adjourn on the 4th of March—Saturday week. Now let the House pass the same. There is nothing for the Legislature to do, and it is not worth while to pay them \$1,000 per day for their services.

A Travestied Certificate.

During the joint session of the two Houses of Congress on the 12th, when the State of Louisiana was called, Mr. Ferry handed the teller the following paper, purporting to be the proceedings of the Electoral College of the State of Louisiana, which, he stated, had been sent to him by mail, properly endorsed, and of the contents of which he had no knowledge until its reading had been commenced by the teller:

Proceedings of the College of Electors, at New Orleans, December 6, 1876. Certificates of election for the following parties have been duly authenticated by the Secretary of State:—John Smith, No. 1. John Smith, No. 2. John Smith, No. 3. John Smith, No. 4. John Smith, No. 5. At large—John Smith, Letter A; John Smith, Letter B. (Great laughter, the members and spectators beginning to see the drift of the paper.)

Mr. Stowe said it was manifest that the paper was not a return.

The Presiding Officer said he had no option in the matter, and directed Mr. Stone to read the endorsement on the envelope, which set forth that it was the proceedings of the Electoral College of Louisiana.

Mr. Stone then read as follows: On motion, John Smith was duly elected President, and John Smith, Letter B, was chosen Secretary.

A motion to go into an election of President and Vice President was carried unanimously, and John Smith, No. 1, and John Smith, Letter A, were appointed tellers. The ballot being ended, the tellers announced and the Chairman declared the following as the result of said election for President and Vice President:

[The reading was interrupted by Senator McDonald, who thought the paper not a proper one to be read, but some one, without rising, objected, and the reading proceeded.]

For President, Peter Cooper, 8 votes; for Vice President, Samuel Carey, 8 votes.

Whereupon John Smith No. 2 moved that Peter Cooper, of New York, be, and is hereby, declared to be elected Vice President of the United States by the Electoral College of the State of Louisiana for four years, commencing March 4, 1877.

Mr. Hoar, then interrupted the reading, and said it was manifestly improper that the paper should be despatched with by unanimous consent, which he asked, and said if any gentleman desired to object he should rise in his place and do so.

Mr. Mills, of Texas—I object. This is all a burlesque, and the paper may as well be read.

Mr. Stone resumed the reading. Seconded by John Smith 3d, and carried unanimously.

On motion, of John Smith, No. 4, Sam Carey, of Ohio, was declared duly elected Vice President of the United States by the electoral college of the State of Louisiana for the term of 4 years commencing March 4, 1877.

The motion having been properly seconded by John Smith, No. 5, was carried unanimously.

John Smith, No. 1, moved that John Smith, Let Her Rip, Judge, &c., be appointed as messenger to deposit the vote in the postoffice, directed to the Vice President of the United States.

The motion was seconded by John Smith, No. 3, and unanimously carried.

The proceedings were sworn to on the "Holy Bull-dozer," and certified by John Smith, Bull-dozed Governor with a foot note.

"Such is life in Louisiana."

The was a good deal of indignation manifested by members of both parties at the insult which had been offered to the National Legislature, and President Ferry directed the official reporters to omit any mention of the paper in the Record.

THE DECISION IN THE LOUISIANA CASE.

The decision of the electoral commission in the Louisiana case has elicited from the democratic and conservative press expressions of keen disappointment and disgust, whilst republican papers generally are enthusiastic over what they gravely term a "great republican victory." The annexed extracts will indicate the general tone of the press:

New York World: "The arguments held before the commission perhaps have not been thrown away upon the country as completely as upon the commission. For after all the country is the true principal in the case, the commission only an agent accepted on the flattering theory that it would do precisely what the principal expected it to do. The interest of the country in the matter is a continuing interest, and for the democratic party, since it is in good faith accepted this tribunal, we do not see how any bad faith or incompetency on the part of its accepted agents can release it from its obligations. We have no doubt that no calamity could befall a free country worse than the inauguration of a President under a vitiated title. We have not the slightest doubt that some thing much worse for all political parties than an honorable defeat—and that is a dishonorable victory."

New York Sun: "The House must not be caught napping while the conspirators who are now striving to impose a fraudulent President on the country are plotting also to steal the organization of the next House in order that they may have full control of the treasury. Mr. Speaker Randall will do well to keep his eyes on every exposed point, and see to it that the most trusted men only are put on guard. There never was a time when vigilance was more needed than now."

New York Herald: "This decision forebodes the election of Mr. Hayes. If Mr. Tilden's temper is magnanimous and his sense of obligation to the country will be easily reconciled to his personal disappointment by the high honor and splendid devotion accorded him by a political party which comprises a majority of the citizens of the United States."

New York Journal of Commerce: "An additional element in the unfortunate effect of this, like the preceding decisions, must have on the public confidence in the impartiality of the commission is contributed by the reversal of the former action with regard to inquiring into the eligibility of persons proposing to be elected. The only change, of course, is in the vote of Mr. Justice Bradley, who in the Florida case gave on that question his single vote against his party associates. For here we have a double vote for Florida. How his judicial character is affected we do not presume to say."

New York Tribune: "The country is likely to believe that it is an honest settler. For here we have a double vote for Florida. There is no longer a dispute as to South Carolina. It is clear that the law is with the republicans in Louisiana."

New York Times: "Doubtless the democratic will vilify the commission as partisan; but that will be of little consequence. The country will see, if the democrats do not, that the reason why the commission divided its party lines was that the democrats refused to cross the party lines. We shall also, no doubt, see a good deal of blustering as to the immediate future. But that will probably die if it does not die now. It has no result—it must drive the decent men out of the democratic party and consign the organization to hopeless ruin."

New York Herald: "This decision completely destroys the Supreme Court faith. That body has been looked up to as an embodiment of preternatural wisdom and impartiality. The great mass of the people, who are men, and are moved by the same motives, fired by the same passions, and warped by the same partialities as other men, have seen that the Supreme Court has wiped a good deal of dust out of American eyes and enabled people to see that the future of the country requires a good deal of remedying of its institutions, and that the present circumstances and needs of the people."

New York Express: "The decision is a disgrace to the nation and a dishonor to the men who consummated it. The people of the United States decided one way, and the judges of the Supreme Court have decided against the people."

Brooklyn Eagle: "We trust the representative of the democratic party at Washington will untireably bow, with royal obedience, to what has been determined for them as the law by a body they aided in creating. The snarls and tricks and frauds which they are unable now to guard against will be universally referred to in the years that are to come with the contempt of day-felt for them by every honest American, as by every belated and dishonest foreigner."

Philadelphia Evening Telegraph, republican: "The presidential contest ends with the republicans carrying off the nominal prize, and the democrats carrying off the real one. The nation were contending, but the substance of victory remains with the democrats, who, unless they commit some unimagined act of folly or unless the republicans show more wisdom than they have been doing for several years past, will fight the political battles of the future from a position of advantage which will be worth more than all the government's patronage will be to their opponents."

Philadelphia Evening Bulletin: "The action of the commission was not only the natural consequence of the decision in favor of Florida, but the inevitable result of a just interpretation of the constitution and the laws."

Richmond Whig: "The very name of republicanism in all time to come must stink in the nostrils of decent men. The duty of conservatives and democrats is clear—let them be true to themselves, their pledges and the country; submit to the decision of the president, but organize for an eternal warfare against the thieves."

Richmond Dispatch: "The electoral commission has disappointed all our hopes. The vote of Louisiana is to be counted for Hayes. We have no heart to pursue the subject. We are pained—we may say grieved—to find that judges of the highest rank in the land are so unworthy of public confidence."

Lynchburg Virginian: "We trust that the popular branch of Congress will never permit Hayes to steal into the office, to carry with him into that high place all the filth and odors of the Louisiana and Florida frauds."

Cincinnati Enquirer: "This practically ends the work of the tribunal. It is incapable of decency or honesty. It will be worse than useless to argue any further questions before it for any purpose save delay. It has no longer a title to respect or a right to exist. It is a mockery."

Louisville Courier Journal: "The spectacle presented in the action of the majority of the commission is one that should provoke more sorrow and indignation than anger. The democracy have nothing to blame themselves with. They trusted to the honor of men whose pretensions and reputations gave assurance of at least a regard for fairness. They have been deceived."

St. Louis Republic: "There will be no more compromises on political questions in this country. A presidential dispute will never again be submitted to arbitration. The publican party has put an eternal quietus upon that kind of business. Deceived and outraged once, the people will not be a second time. They know that the enemy with whom they are contending, and henceforth will act in accordance with the dearly purchased knowledge."

Chicago Times: "The decision in the Louisiana case is so cold blooded, so undignified in its recognition of fraud and forgery as legitimate factors in elections, that the moral sense of the people will rebel against it, and demand that all legal and constitutional means shall be used to prevent the consummation of this iniquitous decree of the eight shameless champions of political swindling who compose the majority of the commission."

Fifty-five men are known to have perished by a recent coal mine explosion in France.

The Austrian lower house by 155 to 37 has voted 600,000 florins to promote the Austrian display at the Paris exposition in 1878.

Gold in New York on Monday 105 1/2.

By Telegraph.

Special Dispatches to the Commonwealth.

ELECTION IN PHILADELPHIA.

House and Senate both refuse to sustain objection to the count of Michigan.

Western Democrats want to repudiate the acts of the Commission.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 21.—Full returns from all the wards give Stokely, rep., for Mayor 7,755 maj. West, rep., for City Solicitor 7,451. Roberts, rep., for Receiver of Taxes 4,287 maj. Hayes' majority in November was upwards of 17,000.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—The House and Senate refused to sustain objection to Michigan. Electoral Commission adjourned till 10 o'clock tomorrow morning.

Western Representatives are in favor of defeating the decision of the Commission by repudiation of its entire deliberations. Southern members counsel submission. Several caucuses have been held. It is probable discussion of the subject will be postponed until the Oregon case is disposed of by the Electoral Commission.

The Military at Petersburg, Va.

L. L. Lewis, United States Attorney for the eastern district of Virginia, was before Mr. Crook's committee Saturday and testified that the only apprehensions of trouble in Petersburg, were occasioned by editorials in the city papers there and by speeches made by the canvassers. He did not actually see any necessity for the presence of troops, but the colored republicans for these reasons feared that trouble might ensue. The witness said he was called on by a number of persons in Petersburg, including many ladies, who begged him to use every effort to preserve the peace at the election. Hence his letter to the United States Attorney General. He appointed one hundred and forty-two deputy marshals only two of whom were conservatives. There was no pay attached to the offices. The troops present numbered twenty-four privates and two officers.

C. P. Ramsdell, United States marshal, testified that his impression was that the presence of military at Petersburg, November 7, tended to preserve the peace and encourage a free and fair election, although the Petersburg community is as law-abiding as any other he knew of. He also stated that the United States Court was in session on that day at Jarrett's Hotel, by order of the President.

B. W. Hoxsey, assistant district attorney, residing at Olpepper, Va., stated that he was at Olpepper on the day of the last election, by order of the President, to see that there was no immediate cause of trouble being sent there. He went to Washington in consequence of a telegram received from the chief supervisor of elections, and saw the Attorney General and General Sherman. He said that from his previous experience he did not believe that any municipal authorities in Virginia would allow a full black vote to be cast in any place where it is dominated. He stated, however, that at the town election in Petersburg no disturbance occurred at any poll, no United States marshal made an arrest, and the mayor maintained the peace on that day.

MARRIED.

Sam Shumacher, Clerk, February the 15th, John A. Rankle and Miss Susan C. Archard, daughter of Dr. A. Archard, Esq.

Rev. Mr. Hildreth, Feb. 14th, Frank L. Talley and Miss Eliza J. Carrell, daughter of Jacob Carrell, Esq.

At Mt. Solon, Feb. 15th, Fielden H. Polon and Miss Alice Sturber, daughter of Wm. H. Sturber, Esq.

Near Mt. Solon, Feb. 15th, F. Ederick V. (supposed to be) and Miss Elizabeth H. Stoutmeyer, daughter of John Stoutmeyer, Esq.

At Mount Vernon Forge, on February 15th, 1877, by Rev. Wm. H. Boyd, Wm. C. Patterson and Mary E. Dredick.

On February 15th, 1877, by Rev. Martin Miller, Emma Blackwell and Saml. Graham.

On February 15th, 1877, by Rev. Joseph A. Miller, near Sangerville, James H. Good and Martha S. Rawley.

On February 15th, 1877, by Rev. G. Maury, Daniel R. Stover and Elizabeth Menefee.

At the residence of the bride's parents in the morning, on February 15th, 1877, by Rev. J. R. Bowman, Corbin O. Trank, of Lynchburg, and Laura V. M. Bruffy, daughter of J. N. Bruffy, Esq.

On Feb. 18th, 1877, at her residence, in Staunton, Va., Mrs. M. E. Cupp, wife of John J. Cupp and daughter of Mr. Gabriel J. Cupp, died at the age of 72 months.

At the Willow Spout, on the 18th of Feb. of Meningitis, Mr. Geo. W. Woods, son of Geo. M. and Mrs. J. Woods aged 21 years and 8 months. He was a consistent member of the Augusta Church.

DIED.

On Feb. 18th, 1877, at her residence, in Staunton, Va., Mrs. M. E. Cupp, wife of John J. Cupp and daughter of Mr. Gabriel J. Cupp, died at the age of 72 months.

At the Willow Spout, on the 18th of Feb. of Meningitis, Mr. Geo. W. Woods, son of Geo. M. and Mrs. J. Woods aged 21 years and 8 months. He was a consistent member of the Augusta Church.

COMMERCIAL.

HARRISONBURG MARKET.

THURSDAY MORNING, FEB. 22, 1877

Flour—Superfine... 12 50/100

Extra... 12 00/100

Good Superfine... 11 50/100

Wheat... 2 50/100

Barley... 2 25/100

Corn (new)... 2 00/100

Corn (old)... 1 75/100

Beacon... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

Flour... 9 00/100

New Advertisements.

VALUABLE ROCKINGHAM REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

Desiring to change and concentrate my business, I offer for sale the following valuable real estate, located in Rockingham county, to wit:

1st—A Small Farm of 60 ACRES, lying near Mt. Clinton, equal to any land in Rockingham county; water in every spot; good dwelling-house, barn and out-buildings. On this tract there is a Circular Saw Mill, Churn, and other useful machinery. These will be sold with the 60 acre tract or separately, as may be desired. Also a good horse and lot separately, if desired by purchasers. The above altogether is one of the most valuable and desirable little properties in Rockingham county.

2d—13 ACRES of Woodland, near the 60 acre tract. This will be sold with the above named tract or not as desired by the purchaser.

3rd—I also offer a splendid Circular Saw-Mill, three miles above Hawley Springs, with 500 ACRES of Land, 100 of which is Farming Land. This would be sold with the 60 acre tract or separately, as desired by the purchaser. The above altogether is one of the most valuable and desirable little properties in Rockingham county.

